

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Charles H. Fletcher

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Agent for Columbia Graphophone. Graphophones and records for sale.

An Ironton Girl's View of Alaska.

"I would rather live in a hut of two rooms in the farthest part of Alaska than in the finest mansion on the Lake Shore drive in Chicago."

This is what one woman thinks of the United States' golden peninsula. She has nothing against Chicago. She is an Alaska enthusiast. She wouldn't live anywhere else. To her Alaska is an El Dorado, a Utopia, a composite of all sorts of ideal places. This woman, Mrs. Rose Hughes Leech, is in Chicago at present. She is living at 3803 Langley avenue, but she is going back to the "ice farms" of the Behring straits region. Mrs. Leech has been in Alaska the greater part of the time since 1898. It was the Alaska fever, and not the gold fever, that took her there, and now she is a champion of that far-away land. She thinks more of it than she does of any State in the Union—more, even, than of her native Missouri.

It was at Teller, a little gold camp up near Cape Prince of Wales, that Mrs. Leech came to like life among the Eskimos. She settled down there alone in a little two-room house. She grew to like the region, and she's going back within a month. She is not going to Teller, but to the growing little camp of Seward, on Resurrection bay in southeastern Alaska.

This woman does not find herself lost among the Eskimos. She is not a tenderfoot. She knows the ways of the Alaskans, both natives and immigrants. The Eskimo language—if it may be dignified by the name—was mastered by her in a short while. She can drive a reindeer or a dog team as well as a Laplander, and she doesn't scorn to wear the garments that Arctic winds and Alaskan fashion decrees she shall wear. Mrs. Leech was the fifth woman—and the first unmarried one—to go to Teller. Eventually the population grew until there were three dozen women there during the "summer," but few of them had the courage to brave the weather of the winter months. But she grew to like the place, and the people, and the climate, the ruggedness, and the novelty, or rather the monotony of it all. No one else can tell quite so well why she likes the peninsula as she can herself. Here is what she has to say:

"Some persons have said they liked Alaska for the unbounded joy it gave them in getting out of the region. That is not my reason. I like the place as a home. For one who fancies a rugged, outdoor life there is no place in the world like Alaska. For the physically weak it would not be a desirable place. I should not advise any one to go there. Certainly the white silence of the region, those long dead Alaska nights in the winter, and the never-setting sun of the summer, are things which cannot be said to give very great variety to Alaskan existence. There is a dreary sameness about it all, but no one could be else than loyal who understands Alaska and knows its promises and foresees its future."

"At first it was the novelty of the life that won me. I went to Nome during the gold rush there. It was new to me. When that was over I went to Teller, and a more out-of-the-way place could hardly be planned on the face of the globe. Still we made it a happy place in which to live."

"Away up there one feels as if he were as far from home as he could get, just as if, for instance, he had landed on the moon and didn't know how he was going to get back to earth again. It is not knowing that you are so many hundreds or thousands of miles away that makes you feel so. It is because everything there is so different."

"There is little there that you see here, and there is little here that you see there. Yet all that is there is wonderfully beautiful. It is worth going up all there is here to have the brilliant aurora borealis dropping before you across the heavens on every one of those long winter nights. It is worth living there to know that you live in the only place on earth, perhaps, where everybody is absolutely equal socially, whether they be rich or poor."

"In Alaska he who will work will prosper. There never was a place where so many opportunities are offered by nature. The whole peninsula is planted with gold, but one must work and be patient to get his share of it. For those who do not care to be miners there is a soil and a climate that will some day open the eyes of

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Ladies' Ox'd Ties, 50c, \$1.10, 1.40, 1.50.
Ladies' Slippers, 40c.
Misses' slippers, 40c, 75c, 85c.

MEN'S FINE SHOES:
90c, \$1.00, 1.20, 1.30, 1.35, 1.50,
1.60, 1.65, 1.80, 2.00, 2.45, 2.65,
2.95, 3.50.
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MULLIN & BROWN.

the world when its marvelous agricultural products are sent to the distant markets. Oh, not all of Alaska is ice. There are green fields there, and great expanses of land decorated with wild flowers that would shame the flora of the tropics. In no country in the world are the flowers more beautiful than in Alaska. The blues and the whites of those great blossoms fairly dazzle the eye with their brilliancy. That is what you find in frozen Alaska. And you find the best wheat in the world, and the potatoes and turnips, and other hardy vegetables. There is little reason why grain and vegetables should not be grown there. It is true the summer is short and not very hot, but remember the sun never sets in the summer time. While the vegetation in this latitude grows during the twelve or fourteen hours that the sun shines, there it grows all the time. Through the growing season it is always daylight at Teller. Of course the ground is always frozen underneath the soil, but the heat thaws the ground to a depth sufficient to allow all plant life to mature.

"The gold fever in Alaska has prevented men from going in for agricultural resources of the peninsula. The men go there for gold and if they don't get it they go away cursing the land. I have seen men refuse to go to work at very large wages, and sit around and swear at the country and declare it was a forsaken, forlorn region where no civilized man would stay any longer than it would take him to get out on the run. That's one trouble. Alaska has been cursed by a lot of drones who went there expecting to pick out diamonds out of the creek sands and gold nuggets out of the gutters. They have awakened since getting there, but have not the courage to go to work. While we have some lazy men in some parts of Alaska, principally on the southern coast, there are many other pests which we do not have Alaska is as free from snakes and reptiles as Ireland. There is not a creeping thing in the territory. There are no insects of any kind. You never see a fly or a bug or a moth. There will be no potato bugs to attack the gardens, no weevil to ruin the wheat, no mosquitoes to worry the people. There is not one thing in Alaska that is not of some practical use, except, as I have said, the drones."

"Our manner of life in Alaska is, by force of circumstance, rather primitive. At Teller, which is still farther north than Nome, we lived much after the fashion of the Eskimos. We adopted their style of clothing, and in a large measure we adopted their bill of fare, which consists largely of fish. From Seattle the boats came to Teller during the summer bringing provisions, which we were able to buy at a fair price. Beans seemed to be the most salable article in that part of Alaska. Boston could not exceed the territory in the consumption of that edible. They are eaten the year round—eaten until the people get so tired of them they are almost willing to eat walrus blubber as a substitute. I was told of a man who went down to Seattle after a winter in Alaska. He claimed he had eaten more than a barrel of beans during his stay in the far north. When he got to Seattle he went to a hotel and told the waiter to bring him a plate of baked beans before bringing the first course of the table d'hôte dinner. The waiter brought them and a plate of blue points. The man from Alaska grinned at the plate of beans, then ground his teeth and pushed the dish back on the table. He then straightened up, swore vigorously, and, addressing the plate, said: 'Here, you beans, just watch me eat a good square meal once in which you are not mixed up.' That moderately expresses the feeling of the adopted Alaskan toward beans."

"The average Chicagoan would call Teller a lonesome place. But we all like it well enough. Everybody is on an equal footing. No one knows whether his neighbor is worth 15 cents or \$15,000,000. Every one keeps the state of his finances absolutely secret. 'We have all learned the Eskimo language from a young native named Akkayak. We organized, too, the most northerly dramatic club in the world. We named it the North Pole Dramatic Society. There is a young man in the camp who left the stage to seek a fortune in the gold fields. For some strange reason he carried the manuscript of a number of plays to that region, and we have tried them on the Eskimos. The natives do not understand just what we are driving at, but they are convinced it is all right. They believe in everything the white man does and they go away, and at once try to do the same thing. They are as ignorant as they can be, but they quickly pick up any little custom of the camp. The Eskimos about Teller have no idea of the extent of the world. They know of Siberia, and one old fellow has been as far away as Dawson. He is regarded as a hero in one sense and as a gigantic liar in another. The Eskimos no longer have any confidence in him. Until two or three years ago natives to the north of Teller never heard of an animal larger than their own reindeer, which are only about four and one-half feet high. When this old Eskimo went to Dawson he saw several horses and was amazed at their size. When he returned to Teller the natives gathered around him listening open-mouthed to the wonderful stories he told of the work of the white men who were digging in the hills for gold."

They believed all he told them about machinery and the manner of building houses, and all that, but when he told them he had seen a lot of horses, each one as large as two reindeer, they got up in disgust and left him. For a long time they called him by the Eskimo name which means that he cannot tell the truth.

"The herd of reindeer at Teller is the largest in the world. There are 950 fine animals in the herd, and these are cared for by the natives. A young native gives several years' service to the government, which owns the herd, and at the end of his service is loaned twenty-five animals for five years. At the end of that time he must return that number, but may keep all the rest he may have. This system has been a great blessing to the natives and has made of them an industrious people. Every reindeer owner finds profitable use for his animals."

"Being in the government employ at Teller—I was in the recorder's office—I had the use of a reindeer sledge whenever I wanted it. I would go out to the herd with an Eskimo and tell him which reindeer I wanted to drive. All of them are supposed to be broken to harness, but all they are ever taught is to follow their noses and go like a streak of lightning. The first time I went riding I chose a large Siberian reindeer. The Eskimo hitched him to a sledge and I got in and started off. Inside of ten seconds the reindeer was going like a locomotive. His feet were kicking up a veritable storm of snow. If I spoke a word he would lay his great horns back a little further and go a little faster. While he was streaking down a hill he took a notion all of a sudden he wanted to return to the herd. He swung about in a short circle and back up the hill he went. I rolled for some distance over the snow and then got up to follow after the sledge, which was scolding along after the deer as it were a projectile from a thirteen-inch cannon. I have never seen a reindeer that you would call gentle. They all want to go as fast as they can, and when they take a notion to change their direction, you have trouble on hand to keep them going where you want them to go."

"The dog teams are very easy to handle. The Alaskan dogs are the biggest cowards that ever lived and if you know how to handle them you can have them go where you wish, and they go in a hurry. There is one good feature about these animals. They never bark, but that shortcoming is offset by the most hideous howl I ever heard. The Eskimos become quite expert in handling both the deer and the dogs, and these serve them well. They do not need better animals. The Eskimos are a peculiar people. They have the highest notions of morality and they are extremely gentle. You never hear complaint from an Eskimo parent, and I have never seen an Eskimo child deserving of punishment. Nor have I ever heard an Eskimo child cry. Once in a great while you will find a man who is mean, but nine times out of ten he is so because he has acquired

a taste for the liquor which white men introduced into the territory. Of the strange customs practiced by the natives, that of marriage is most striking. A young Eskimo never goes courting. If he takes a notion he wants to get married he gets all his property together and then tries to decide what girl he wants. When he chooses one he sends her some article of clothing. An Eskimo girl never accepts a present of this kind from a young fellow unless she is willing to marry him. The fellow waits for some time, and if the girl doesn't send his present back to him he will go and bargain with her parents. He offers so many pieces of walrus ivory or so many furs, and usually can strike a bargain. When he does he grabs the girl by the hand and takes her away with him without asking her consent. They have no marriage ceremony whatever, but when a young fellow marries he never leaves his wife.

"I like the Eskimos and I like all that is in Alaska. There is but one depressing thing there and that is those long winter nights. It becomes daylight at 10 o'clock in the morning and gets dark at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. But we have our dramatic club and our classes for studying the language of the natives, we have dances, and, most of all, we have card parties. Every man and woman in the territory plays poker. I do not think there was a poker chip in Teller when I was there, so we all used Lima beans for poker chips. This is another evidence that you cannot get away from beans in Alaska. The territory will not long be as at present. Within ten years it will be well populated and will be producing a greater amount of wealth than any equal area in the world. Its natural resources are the greatest on earth. That is why I am going back."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

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Warranty deeds, deeds of trust, quit claim deeds and chattel mortgages for sale at this office.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
LAND OFFICE AT IRONTON, MO.
June 17th, 1903.
Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register or Receiver of the U. S. Land Office at Ironton, Mo., on

Saturday August 1, 1903,
viz: George W. Miller, Homestead Entry No. 13,928, for the south half lot one (1), northwest quarter section nineteen (19), township thirty-two (32) north, range five (5) east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: B. F. Matkin, Robert King, C. A. Matkin, Henry Miller, all of Marble Creek, Mo.
GEORGE STEEL, Register.

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The man who insures his health is wise both for his family and himself.

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